

GARLAND

OF NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

- 1 The Maid of Lodi.
- 2 A Peep at the Forty Thieves.
- 3 Nobody comes to marry me.
- 4 Seven Ages.



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THE MAID OF LODI.

I Sing the Maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows are never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee ;
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless there great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.
 And when her day's work's done,
 Around a cheerful fire
 She sings or rests contented ;
 What more can man desire ;
 Let those who squander millions
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavilions
 Far inferior to her cot,
 Between the Po and Parma
 Some villians seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach,
 By which the Maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair ;
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 And see me tear my hair,
 Then to her market-basket
 She tied her poney's rein.



I thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again !
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table,
 At which the gods might dine :

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find,
 But not the fam'd Corregios
 Could ever paint her mind,
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me ;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.

A Peep at the Forty Thieves.

YOUR pardon, kind gentlefolk, pray,
 But I've call'd on to roar out a song, Sirs ;
 And when a man's call'd on they say,
 It's ill manners to make you wait long, Sirs ;
 I'll e'en try my hand at a stave.
 Tho' mayhap you may jeer me and flout it,
 It's one of the best that I have,
 And so now you shall hear all about it.
 — Rum ti, &c.

Isn't long sin I first com'd
 Fra the north, and so you must needs think, Sirs,
 A lad that's not easily humm'd,
 Unless it be when I've in drink, Sirs,

And somehow, I don't know which way,
 But the folk up in town be so droll, Sirs,
 That I must ha' been drunk every day,
 For they humm'd me, by gum, one and all, Sirs
 Rum ti, &c.

I wur ganging one night by the play,
 Never heeding about it a pin, Sirs
 When I fairly were carried away
 Off my legs, by the crowd getting in, Sirs,
 I shouted as loud as I cou'd,
 And I tell'd 'em I war'nt o' their party,
 But a lady insisted I shou'd,
 And said, 'Push on, keep moving my hearty.
 Rum ti, &c.

'Heave a head!' says a sailor, 'you lubbard.'
 No odds about my being willing,
 So I com'd to a man in a cupboard
 Who bad me lug out my twe shilling;
 And while I wur groping about,
 My money to find I declare, Sirs,
 My pocket I found inside out,
 And the devil a penny was there, Sirs.
 Rum ti, &c.

The crowd which before had so push'd,
 Thiaks I dang you push on now or never,
 For I did'nt mind how being crush'd,
 And got in for nothing quite clever,
 The play wur soon ended, and then
 Forty Thieves they com'd in all so funny,
 I suppose it were some of them men
 As diddled me out of my money.
 Rum ti, &c.

So in town as I'd not long to stay
 I resolv'd to see all that I cou'd, Sirs,

And I went once again to the play.
 Where I paid for a seat, tho' I stood, Sirs;
 Common Garden, I think, was the spot,
 And some beautiful posies they threw there,
 And if oft' to come here was my lot,
 As oft' would be tempted to go there.

Rum ti, &c.

There was one fellow walk'd on to't stage,
 Said he'd newly just com'd out of Yorkshire;
 When he put me in rage,
 He made game so of our country talk, Sirs,
 And call'd him a comical lad,
 But for what, I declare I can't tell, Sirs;
 Never seed nothing so bad;
 He'd ha' done it—saye, better myself, Sirs.

Rum ti, &c.

Nobody comes to marry me.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
 I went to the gate to see,
 When ev'ry lass had her spark,
 But nobody comes to me.

Oh! dear, what will become of me;

Oh! dear what shall I do?

Nobody coming to marry me,

Nobody coming to woo,

My father's a hedger and ditcher,

My mother does nothing but spin,

And I am a pretty young girl,

But the money comes slowly in.

And it's Oh! dear, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair,
 They say I am scornful and proud;
 Alas? I must now despair,
 For, ah! I am grown very old,
 And it's Oh! dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid;
 Oh, dear! how shocking the thought!
 And all my beauty must fade,
 But I'm sure it is not my fault.
 And it's Oh! dear, &c.

Seven Ages.

OUR immortal poet's page
 Tell us all the world's a stage,
 And that men, with all their airs,
 Are nothing more than players,
 Each using skill and art,
 In his turn to top his part,
 All to fill this farcical scene O;
 Enter here, exit there.
 Stand in view, mind your cue;
 Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down.
 All to fill this farcical scene O.
 First, the infant in the lap,
 Muling pulling with his pap,
 Like a chicken that we trust,
 Is swaddled by its nurse
 Who to please the poppet, tries,
 Whilst it giggles and it cries.

All, &c.

Hush a bye, wipe an eye,
 Suckee titty, that's a pretty
 Heigh down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace,
 With a shining morning face,
 With satchel on his back,
 To school, alas! must pack.
 But like a snail he creeps,
 And for bloody Monday weeps,

All, &c.

Book mislaid, truant play'd,
 Rod in pickle, bum to tickle,

Heigh down, &c.

Then the lovers next appears;
 Soufed over head and ears,
 Like a lobster on the fire,
 Sighing! ready to expire,
 And a deep hole in his heart,
 You may through it drive a cart,

All, &c.

Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,
 Like a wizzard, guts and gizzard.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,
 Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder;
 Lord! at what a tale he runs,
 About drums, and swords, and guns;
 And talks of streaming veins,
 Shatter'd limbs, and scatter'd brains,

All, &c.

What ~~for~~ he thrash'd, cut and slash'd,
 And here he popp'd 'em, there he dropp'd 'em,

Heigh down, &c.

Then the Justice in his chair.
 With his broad and vacant stare,

His wig of formal cut,
 And belly like a butt,
 Well lin'd with turtle hash,
 Callippee and callipash,

All, &c.

Pimp and cull, bawd and trull,
 At his nod, go to quod.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the slipper'd pantaloon,
 In life's dull afternoon,
 Shrunken shank in youthful hose,
 And spectacle on the nose;
 His voice, once big and round,
 Now whistling in the sound,

All, &c.

Vigour spent, body bent,
 Shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

Heigh down, &c.

Then at last they end the play,
 Second childhood leads the way,
 When like sheep that take the rot,
 All our senses go to pot;
 Then death amongst us pops,
 And so the curtain drops,

All, &c.

Then the coffin we move off in,
 When the bell tolls the knell,
 Of high and low down into the cold ground
 Here's an end to the farcical scene O.

FINIS.



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